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THE SHEIKH OF THE DERVISHES AT CAIRO.

The number of dervishes in Mohammedan countries all over the world is very great. In Turkey, in Circassia, in the region around Lebanon, in Persia, and in India, under the name of fakirs, there are many thousands of them, while in Egypt there are so many orders of dervishes that classification seems at first glance not a little difficult. The most celebrated of those upon Egyptian soil it is possible, however, to group under four divisions, each division including a number of sects. These people correspond in a measure to the various orders of monks to be found in Roman Catholic countries, the name dervish being a Persian word meaning poor or indigent, and synonymous with the Arabic term fakir. The origin of these orders in point of time would be impossible to determine. From time immemorial those professing exceptional piety in the East have thought a means of attaining sanctity was to be found in sacrificing social and domestic life and living in poverty and seclusion, giving their time and thoughts entirely to spiritual things. Thus these classes have arisen.

There are several orders of dervishes among the Turks. That of the "Maulvais" is the principal one and has a monastery at Galata and another at Iconium. Clothed in coarse robes and of great humility of manner, they observe rigorous fasts and as a part of their religious service revolve with great rapidity to the sound of a pipe, stopping abruptly when the music ceases, without evidence of dizziness. Some of this order are jugglers and practise sorcery and conjuring. They have convents in nearly all Mohammedan countries, and these convents are used as inns for the travelling pilgrims of the Maulvais order. The order of the "Rufais" is characterized by great fanaticism, carrying self-mortification to an extent too revolting for description.

Another class of dervishes are the "Calenders." It is to this order that Ibrahim Effendi Kavusi, the Sheikh at Cairo, belongs. To his people he performs an office resembling that of a bishop, visiting their communities all over Egypt. His power is very great and in its exercise he is not always limited to sacred functions. His lordship is acknowledged by all the sects to greater or less degree, even if they are not members of the class by whom he was elected. The constituency of this Sheikh have many of the characteristics of the other orders. They wear a singular dress, sometimes made of parti-colored cloth and sometimes of skins, in some instances having pieces of iron introduced as a means of self mortification. Frequently these Calenders go about half naked, with skin painted black or red, wearing feathers in their ears, fanciful hats or turbans upon the head, and armed with sticks, hatchets, or swords. In Cairo travellers and tourists resort to the Calenders' great convent, there to see them perform their twirling dances. Often the e dances are executed by them in public highways The Sheikhs of all orders of dervishes are believed to possess miraculous powers; and even ordinary dervishes themselves claim much power in the healing of disease, finding hidden treasure, and detecting crime, as well as in performing other wonders of occult knowledge.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

IBRAHIM EFFENDI KAVUSI, SHEIKH OF THE DER

EIGHTY CENTS.

In a country Sunday-school, a few hours ride from Chicago, the teachers and children, all numbered, do not exceed eighty. The superintendent is a lady who seems to be full of bright ideas, with ways and means for carrying them out. Last Easter she gave to the members of the school one penny each, to be invested in some honest, legitimate way, and the proceeds or earnings therefrom were to be collected at Christmas and given to some benevolent cause, upon which the school should decide.

As Christmas approached, arrangements were made to have an evening at the church for the presentation of these offerings, with each teacher and child telling how the money had been gained. If you will consider for a moment, that the one cent was to be like Shylock's pound of flesh—no more, no, less—you will see it was not an easy matter to invest it in anything yielding an increase, but the members of this school, guided by an enthusiastic leader, took each his penny home, and, with a will that finds for itself a way, set to work to increase its value. Some of the experiences given at Christmas were as follows:

Teacher Number One, a fine artist, with independent means of her own, wanted to paint a picture as her offering. But one cent would not buy the necessary material, and as she could not add to it from her own purse, what was to be done? For a few days she did much hard thinking, but at last a bright idea came, and

AUBERT GALLION QUE
W. J. P. 1887

the frantic manner in which she rushed to the store convinced the on-lookers that something would shortly be accomplished. Returning home with a penny card of darning cotton, she triumphantly announced herself ready for business. Stockings were darned for anyone who would pay her. In this way the capital slowly but surely increased. With it more cotton was purchased and more darning done, until sufficient money was gained to pay for canvas and paints. A picture was then painted and sold for five dollars. With such a teacher no surprise was manifested when the combined efforts of the class amounted to ten dollars.

Teacher Number Two was a writer, whose pen wins for its owner many dollars in the course of the year. For her share she wished to write a story, but while one cent would purchase paper, it would not provide the envelope and stamps. One week, two weeks, passed, and the penny was yet without investment. Being on the alert for opportunities, she was quick to hear one day when her sister said she would give five cents for some pop-corn. Taking her sister at her word, she immediately bought one ear of corn for the one cent, shelled and popped it, and received therefor the much desired five cents. Paper, envelopes and stamp were now hers, a story was written, and in due time printed and paid for.

Teacher Number Three bought one cent's worth of flower seeds, planted, watered, weeded, watched, and after a season was rewarded with blossoms which were sold, for a small sum, to be sure, but this small sum was invested and increased to a much larger one. But what about the children?

Two little boys, aged six and four, knew that their grandmother had received from Texas a barrel of nuts. Trudging up there one day, holding tight their precious pennies, they asked to buy two cents' worth of nuts. Probably grandma was generous in her weights and measures, but she took the money nevertheless. The nuts were carried home, carefully cracked, and the meats sold to some of their aunties living near. Again grandma was called upon for more nuts, and so the business of buying and cracking and selling went on. As the capital increased, molasses was purchased, and then mamma was called to assist in making nut-candy, which was also sold. The tiny fingers of these boys may have been pounded and pricked occasionally, but the little fellows had their reward in bringing a generous Christmas offering to the church as the result of honest investment and hard labor.

A little girl bought and sowed one cent's worth of lettuce seed. Receiving the tenderest care, these seeds grew and flourished in a manner worthy of the cause. When the lettuce was ready for use, so anxious was the child to sell it that all her acquaintances were importuned to buy, so in a short time every leaf was disposed of, and the one penny has increased more than ten-fold.

These items might be multiplied indefinitely as they are taken from the programme of the Christmas entertainment of this school, a programme of which no one seemed to weary.

However, we must not close without the story from the minister's four children. They decided to combine their four pennies and invest in eggs. Not having an incubator, they borrowed a hen from one of the neighbors. This hen, as if divining the cause of her visit and the responsibility of the situation, sat upon the eggs with true motherly instinct until they were hatched. Then the way in which she brooded over those chickens and scratched for them looked as if she meant to do her share for the Christmas offering. The boys were highly pleased, and as soon as the chickens could scratch for themselves, carried the hen home in great glee. The chickens grew and prospered, and in the fall were sold for a sum quite in keeping with the occasion. When all the money and contributors were counted, it was found that from the eighty persons receiving one cent at Easter, seventy-two had responded, and the sum total of the increase was fifty dollars. When the Treasurer of the Home Missionary Society received a cheque for this amount he little thought it had grown out of eighty cents and the enthusiasm of a wide-awake woman.

Five loaves, two small fishes; five thousand people fed; twelve baskets of fragments remaining.—*Mary Louisa Butler, in The Advance.*

GEORGE BAKER'S FAMOUS KITE.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"George, are you busy?" said Susie, peeping into the little work-room near the barn.

George nodded his head without lifting his eyes from the long slender stick in his hand.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Making a new kite," replied George, slowly passing his knife down the stick.

"You are always making kites," said Susie, laughing. "I came to tell you something."

"Please don't disturb me, Susie," replied George, still whittling very carefully. "You see you might make me split this wood, and if it splits it is done for."

"But, George—"

"Wait," said George, hastily; "first hold these sticks for me; it is very important that they should be fastened together evenly. I told the boys in Barton that I could make as good a kite as they could buy in any store, but they do not believe it."

Susie held the sticks as she was desired, and watched George silently, while he passed the cord in and out and around the slender frame of the kite. Then she helped him paste the bright piece of tissue-paper over the cord. When this was done she said, "George, we are going to have a children's festival at the church on Monday."

"Are we?" said George, still looking at the kite in his hand. "That's nice."

"And," continued Susie, "all the girls in my class are going to bring some fancy dish."

"Are you going to take any?" asked George, snipping at a square of gilt paper.

"Yes, indeed," replied Susie, quickly; "and I want you to help me find some eggs, George."

"Yes," said George, undecidedly, "if I have time."

"I wish you would come now," coaxed Susie; "it is too late to fly that kite this afternoon."

George glanced out of the door, and saw that it really was growing late, so he said, "Just wait until I finish cutting out these letters, and I will go with you."

"Is it a name for the kite?" asked Susie, bending forward and watching him as he pasted the golden letters SUCCESS one by one across the upper part of it. "Well, I hope it will turn out a success," laughed Susie, as George hung his newly finished toy on a nail above the work-table.

"I think it will," replied George, giving it a parting look as he followed Susie from the room.

They searched the barn with so much energy that before it was quite dark Susie had her small basket heaping full.

As they came out together a young man passed the gate. He had some tools in his hand, and was walking rapidly. When he saw George he nodded and smiled.

"Who is he?" asked Susie. "I never saw him before."

"He has only been here one day," replied George. "His name is Mr. Hunter, and he is a steeple climber."

"A steeple climber!" repeated Susie. "What is that?"

"A man who mends steeples," replied George. "There are very few in the business, because it is so dangerous, and they had to send a great distance for Mr. Hunter to come and fix the church, that was struck by lightning last summer."

"I heard some gentlemen talking about it in Barton to-day," cried Susie. "They said it ought to be mended, and that it was a disgrace to the village."

"It will be mended now," replied George, still looking after the young man. "This morning, when I was going to school, he asked me to show him where the blacksmith's was. I never met such a nice man. When I began telling him about my kite he was just as much interested as a boy, and told me ever so many kite stories, and how they were made very useful sometimes. He said they were often used to help make bridges."

"How?" said Susie, wonderingly.

But before George could tell her the tea-bell rang; so they both hurried into the house. The next day, as George and Susie passed the church in Barton, they saw Mr. Hunter at work.

"There he is," said George, pointing to a man's figure half-way up the steeple.

"What a dreadful trade!" exclaimed Susie, with a shudder, turning her eyes away.

"But think how brave he must be!" replied George, watching the man as he moved backward and forward on a narrow platform.

That evening, as George with his kite in his hand, and Susie with a small basket of eggs on her arm, stood by the gate, they saw Mr. Hunter again.

When he caught sight of the children he stopped and asked George how his kite was progressing, and spoke to Susie about the eggs in her basket.

George told him that the kite was finished but as there had been no wind, he had not tried it yet, and Susie told him about the festival to be held in the very church he was repairing, and how all the girls in her class were going to contribute something.

Before Mr. Hunter left them he promised to make some improvements in George's kite. And he kept his promise, and was always so kind and pleasant that the children soon began to watch eagerly for his appearance, and look upon him as a friend.

The day of the festival came at last, and Susie was happy, but George still stood in the little work-room, looking at his kite disconsolately, for it was not a "success" after all, and some of the boys even said that it was crooked and too heavy, and even laughed at it. But George had still a little faith in it, and wanted to give it just one more trial.

As Susie came running from the house, and calling, "Come, George, it is time to go," he gave an impatient shrug and turned away.

"Susie," said George, as she peeped into the work-room, "is there a good wind now?"

"I don't call it good," replied Susie straightening her hat, "for just now it blew off my hat and mussed my hair."

"It is too bad!" muttered George.

"Yes," replied Susie, smoothing her hair with both hands; "but does it look very rough?"

"I don't mean about your hair," said George, quickly. "I was thinking how unfortunate that this high wind should come now, when I have to go to the festival. I have been waiting for it all the week, and, besides, I want to try my messenger. Mr. Hunter told me about that. None of the boys here ever put messengers on their kites."

"What is a messenger?" asked Susie, looking on the table.

"This," said George, pointing to a circular piece of pasteboard with a hole in the centre. "You slip it in the twine, and it travels up to the kite. The wind takes it, you know."

"But whom do you send the message to?" asked Susie examining the pasteboard circle with interest.

"The man in the moon," said George, laughingly. Then he added quickly, "Did I ever tell you what Mr. Hunter said kites were sometimes used for?"

"No," replied Susie.

Just then their mother called them, and Susie ran off to join her, without waiting for the end of the story.

George lingered a few moments while he wound the twine closely around the stick, and slipped the messenger into his pocket, for he was quite determined to try the kite that day, festival or no festival.

All the way to Barton he kept his hand, with the kite in it, behind him for fear of being questioned.

The wind blew a perfect hurricane, whirling the dust into their faces, and whistling savagely among the budding branches of the trees, as though it had been March weather.

As they came in sight of the church Susie said; "Look, mamma, at the very top of the steeple. There is the nice man I told you about, who was so kind to George and me."

"It makes me shudder to think of him, poor man," replied her mother, turning her eyes away.

"He is safe enough, mamma," cried George, eagerly. "He told me he built little platforms to stand on; then he has ladders and ropes to climb up the steeple from the trap-door."

It was quite early when they reached the church; so George said: "Mamma, may I go out upon that hill just over the way, and fly my kite? I will be back long before all the children are in their seats."

"Well," said his mother, smiling and glancing at the kite, "I see you have come prepared; but be sure not to be late."

George ran off delighted. He had the hill to himself, for all the boys of Barton were going to attend the festival. But the wind was very strong up here, and seemed to grow fiercer every moment. Both hands were busy with his kite, when a violent gust swept his hat from his head. As George ran forward to recover it, a loud crash in the direction of the church startled him. He looked up, and saw that a great part of the scaffolding around the steeple had been blown away, and that the boards were sliding off the slanting roof, in every direction and at each new blast more poles, ropes, and planks came spinning through the air

George hardly dared raise his eyes to where he had seen Mr. Hunter only a few moments ago. When he did so, however, the sight that met his eyes was almost worse than any thing he could have thought of. For there, close to the great brass ball at the very point of the steeple, hung his kind friend, swinging backward and forward on a single narrow plank at every fresh gust of wind.

George threw down his kite, and rushed over the hill to join the crowd that came pouring from the church and along the road. On every side he heard cries of horror and pity. Presently he came upon a group of men talking excitedly.

"If there were time," said one of the men (a fireman), we could send for another steeple climber or build up another set of platforms. But every instant I expect to see that bit of board he is on slip off. It is fastened in the frailest way."

"It is terrible," exclaimed another man, "to see a human being in such peril and be unable to assist him."

"I am awfully sorry," replied the fireman. "Nothing but a bird could reach him now. If we could get a rope up to him he would have a chance. But I don't see any way, for my part. He knows his danger, too, by the way he clasped his hands and looked down at me," added the fireman, sadly, turning his head away.

George listened until he felt the tears spring to his eyes, then he went slowly back to the hill, away from the crowd, and, crouching down upon the ground, hid his face in his hands.

All the pleasant things Mr. Hunter had said and done in the short time he had been in Barton came back to George as he sat there. He shuddered at every puff of wind that came over the hill, and buried his face deeper in his hands at every cry from the people around the church.

"He was always so ready to help others!" thought George; "why cannot some one find a way to help him now?"

At that moment something struck him a smart blow on his bended head. He looked up quickly, and saw his kite, which he had thrown down, swaying loosely about. The heavy ball of twine kept it from blowing quite away. It fell as the wind died out, and lay at his feet, the golden word "success" staring him in the face.

Somehow, George never knew how, this word reminded him of what Mr. Hunter had told him of the use kites were sometimes put to.

George's back was toward the church, and the wind blew directly into his face as he pushed back his hat and slowly raised the kite from the ground. He wound the twine smoothly over the stick again, and thoughtfully straightened the tail.

Suddenly he uttered a low cry. "I will try, at least," he said, as he turned his face towards the church, and raising the kite high in the air, let the twine glide through his fingers.

After flapping wildly about and making two or three sweeping dives in the air, the kite was suddenly caught by the wind and went soaring upward.

George walked slowly down the hill, his eyes fixed intently on the kite. His hat blew off; he did not notice it, but left it where it fell. At this moment Susie came running up to him.

"Oh, George," she whispered, "how can you fly your kite now? How can you be so heartless? I am so ashamed!"

"Don't bother me!" was all the answer George made, as he went carefully on.

He shoved his way through a crowd of children; they turned and looked at him, whispering among themselves; but George did not even see them.

A large boy sprang forward and snatched at the twine.

"Get back!" cried George, savagely, his eyes shining and his face very white.

But the boy held on firmly, and in a moment more the twine would have snapped in two had not the fireman, who was watching George's movements intently, suddenly strode forward and with his strong arm swept back the boy and the others that were pressing upon him.

"Out of the way! Give him room! The little fellow has an idea—that's more than any of you have," cried he, as he waved his arms about.

It was not long before every one in that great concourse of people was staring wonderingly at George and the fireman. But as the kite moved nearer and nearer the steeple a man was heard to say:

"That's a bright notion! I hope he will succeed."

Then little by little, and one by one, the spectators seemed to discover George's real intentions, and turned their eyes on the kite.

Every time the wind failed there came a smothered groan from the terrified throng. And when, after a wild plunge, the kite mounted upward joyously, as though it knew on what an errand of mercy it was bound, they cheered. Never before had such an excitement attended the raising of a kite.

As George stepped backward and forward, guiding his kite, his heart beat wildly, for, he could now plainly see his friend clinging desperately to the rope that fastened his insecure resting-place.

Presently the kite struck the steeple, far below the poor man's feet, and fell, as though weary of being buffeted about by the wind. For a moment a mist crept over George's eyes, for he thought that he had failed. But the kite once more mounted upward, and began at last to circle around Mr Hunter's head.

"He is pushing it away!" cried the fireman, excitedly. "He don't know what it's for."

"Haul it up!" shouted the crowd.

Some faint sound of voices must have reached the poor man's ears, for he was seen to take the kite in his hand.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried George, suddenly losing all hope. "He does not know what to do with it."

"Send up the messenger he gave you," said Susie, darting out from the crowd, and standing by her brother's side.

George gave her a look of gratitude, as he pulled from his pocket the circular piece of pasteboard and wrote a few words upon it.

"Good!" exclaimed the fireman, as George slipped it over the twine. Then turning to people behind him, he said, "The little fellow is now going to send word to the man up there to pull up the twine when we give the signal."

The messenger went spinning upward, with all eyes fixed on its progress. There was a deep silence in the crowd, which seemed to be holding its very breath in suspense.

The twine was smooth and without a knot, and hardly two minutes elapsed before the wind had carried the message to Mr. Hunter.

"He is reading it," shouted the fireman in a loud voice. The crowd cheered in response.

"Now he is waving his hat," cried the fireman.

There was another wild cry of delight from the spectators. The twine slipped from George's grasp, and he sank upon the ground and buried his face in his hands.

Susie came close to him and whispered: "They're tying a strong cord to your twine." Then after a pause she added, "Now he is pulling it up, too, and they have fastened a thick heavy rope to the slender one."

"George! George!" whispered Susie again, "I cannot look any more, for he has tied the great rope to the steeple, and is coming down. But suppose he should fall, after all!"

George heard his sister sob, but did not yet dare to raise his eyes.

Suddenly a louder shout than ever came from the people around. Then George looked up, trembling all over.

"Is he safe?" asked Susie.

"Yes," said George, "he has reached the trap-door in the roof."

In a few minutes more he heard voices saying, "Where is the boy that flew the kite?" then he felt some one touch him on the head. Looking up, George saw Mr. Hunter standing before him. He stooped as if to say something, but before he could speak, George was raised high in the air and carried toward the church on the shoulders of two tall men. All the people, great and small, followed, cheering loudly.

It was many minutes before Mr. Hunter could find a chance to speak to George; but when at last he did so, it was with a trembling voice and tears in his eyes.

"How can I thank you, my dear boy?" he said.

"Don't try," replied George. "I am so happy! and oh how glad I am that I happened to remember what you told me once about kites being sometimes used to carry the first strand of a suspension-bridge over the river!"

The festival was a great success, but no one either thought or spoke of anything but the wonderful escape of James Hunter. And years afterward, even to this day, whenever any stranger admires the church steeple, the story of how George Baker saved James Hunter's life with his kite is told by some eye-witness.

The kite itself was carried off by an old gentleman, who, after putting it under a glass case, with a written account of the feat it had performed, placed it in the museum in Barton, where it still remains.—*Harper's Young People.*

PRAYING ABOUT LITTLE THINGS.

I remember hearing it said of a godly man "Mr. So and so is a gracious man, but he is very strange; for the other day he prayed to God about a key that he had lost"

"THE KITE ONCE MORE MOUNTED UPWARD."

The person who told it to me regarded with astonishment the idea of praying to God about a lost key; and he seemed altogether surprised when I assured him that I prayed in like manner. What! Pray about a key. Yes. Please tell me how big a thing must be before you may pray about it. If a certain size is appointed, we should like to have it marked down in the Bible, that we might learn the mathematics of prayer. Would you have it recorded that, if a thing is so many inches long, we may pray about it; but if it happens to be a quarter of an inch too short, we must let it alone. If we might not pray about little things, it would be a fearful calamity; for little things cause us great worry, and they are harder to deal with than great things. If we might not pray about minor matters, it would be a terrible loss of comfort.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON V.—OCTOBER 30.

THE HARVEST AND THE LABORERS.—MATT. 9:35-38; 10:1-8.

COMMIT VERSES 36-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Freely ye have received, freely give.—Matt. 10:8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Every one should be a laborer in God's harvest.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 9:32-38.
T. Matt 10:1-15.
W. Mark 6:1-13.
Th. *Ezek. 34:1-15.*
F. James 2:14-26.
Sa. Mark 3:14-35.
Su. John 1:28-51.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Mark 6:6, 7; Luke 9:1, 2.

INTRODUCTION.—After the blind man went away seeing (our last lesson), Jesus healed a dumb possessed. Then he revisits his native place, Nazareth, and is rejected a second time (Mark 6:1-6; Matt. 13:53-58), when he goes forth among the towns of Galilee as described in the present lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

35. GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM—the good news that the *kingdom of heaven* had come to them with its unnumbered blessings. 36. THEY FAINTED—were distressed, without food, help or guidance. 38. PRAY YE—ye who are laboring. 1. UNCLEAN SPIRITS—demons who defile both body and soul. 2. PETER—a rock. 3. BARTHOLOMEW—called elsewhere Nathanael. LEBBEUS—called in Mark, Judas, the son (or brother) of James. The author of the Book of Jude. 4. CANAANITE—Cananean, or zealot. ISCARIOT—belonging to Kerioth of Judah. 5. GO NOT INTO THE WAY OF THE GENTILES—the roads which led to the Gentile regions. The first duty was to the Jews, who were better prepared for the Gospel. And the disciples were better *prepared to teach them.*

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—When did the events of this lesson take place? In what part of Palestine? Is there any other account given? What is the *Golden Text?* The *Central Truth?*

SUBJECT: THE HARVEST AND THE LABORERS.

I. JESUS' METHOD OF PROCLAIMING THE GOSPEL (v. 35).—Where did Jesus preach? What was the *subject of his preaching?* What is "the gospel of the kingdom"? What else did Jesus do for the people? What was his object in this? How would it help men to receive the Gospel? Will it aid our success in the Gospel to relieve men's bodily wants? Why?

II. THE HARVEST (vs. 36, 37).—How did Jesus feel toward the multitude? Why did he have compassion on them? To what does he compare their condition? Is this feeling of Jesus the great motive for missions? What other motives should be *joined with it?*

What does Jesus say of the harvest? Of what harvest is he speaking? What can you tell of its plenteousness? Is there opportunity for all to join in the reaping? What can you do toward it?

III. THE LABORERS (vs. 37, 38; 1-4).—What does Jesus say of the laborers? How can their number be increased? Why should the laborers themselves pray this prayer? Do you attend the monthly concert for prayer? Whom did Jesus especially send out to this work? How did he prepare them for their work? Can you name the twelve Apostles? What can you tell about them?

IV. THE COMMISSION (vs. 5-8).—Where did Jesus send the twelve? Why were they to preach to the Jews only? What were they to preach? (Mark 6:12.) Is this to be the subject of our teaching? What more were they to do? Describe their work as given in the following verses. Why were they to go two and two? (Mark 6:7.) In what respects should we imitate them?

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 6.

CONFESSING CHRIST.—MATT. 10:32-42.

COMMIT VERSES 37-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.—Matt. 10:32.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

It is a privilege and a duty to confess Christ before men.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 10:21-42.
T. Rom. 10:1-15.
W. Luke 12:42-53.
Th. Matt. 16:21-28.
F. Luke 14:16-35.
Sa. 2 Kings 4:8-10, 18-37.
Su. Matt. 25:31-46.

INTRODUCTION.—This lesson is a continuation of the address begun in our last lesson, on the occasion of sending the disciples on a missionary tour. They were going forth now for the first time alone.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

32. CONFESS—by word of mouth, by Christ-like life, by Christian spirit. HIM WILL I CONFESS ALSO—acknowledge the truth that he is a true disciple. 34. I CAME NOT TO SEND PEACE, BUT A SWORD—he came to disturb the quiet of sin, the *truce of wrong.* He came for war against evil; but victory will at last bring peace. 37. LOVETH FATHER MORE THAN ME—Jesus must be first; but loving him makes us love others more than we otherwise would. NOT WORTHY OF ME—not worthy to be my disciple, to belong to my kingdom. 38. TAKETH NOT HIS CROSS—a symbol of death. The Romans made their condemned prisoners carry their own crosses to the place of public execution. To bear the cross is to obey Christ, even though it should lead to death. 39. HE THAT FINDETH HIS LIFE—makes this life his chief aim. SHALL LOSE IT—the very happiness and blessings he sought. HE THAT LOSETH HIS LIFE—is willing to give up life for the sake of Christ; absorbs it in doing good and serving Christ. 40. HE THAT RECEIVETH YOU, RECEIVETH ME—because the Apostles were the messengers and representatives of Jesus.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? On what mission was Jesus sending his disciples? Was it the first time they went forth alone? What were the instructions given in the last lesson?

SUBJECT: THE DUTY AND PRIVILEGE OF CONFESSING CHRIST.

I. CONFESSING CHRIST (vs. 32, 33).—What is it to confess Christ? In what ways may it be done? (Matt. 5:16; Rom. 10:9, 10; 1 Cor 11:26.) What does he promise to those who confess him? What does this mean? How is this stated in Mark? (Chapter 8:38.) In Luke? (Chapter 12:8, 9.) What is said of those who deny Christ? In what ways do men deny him?

II. OBSTACLES IN THE WAY OF CONFESSION (vs. 34-36).—What is one of the first effects of the gospel? How is this true of the individual soul? How is it true of society? Why does the Gospel first bring a *sword,* i.e., war? What will the end be? (Luke 2:14.) What would take place in families? Why?

What should we do when opposed by those nearest and dearest to us? How does opposition strengthen us? How does it enable us to know on which side we stand?

III. WARNINGS (vs. 37-39).—To what danger would the opposition of family lead those who would become Christians? Who should be first in our love? Does loving Jesus first cause us to love our friends less? (1 John 3:16.) What is meant by "not worthy of me"? What is it to take up the cross? What are some of the crosses we must take up? What is it to follow Jesus? Meaning of "finding" and "losing" life? How will those who lose their life for Jesus' sake, find it?

IV. ENCOURAGEMENTS (vs. 40-42).—Show how those who received the disciples received Jesus. What does he say in Matt. 25:40? How does this enable us to express our love to Jesus? What is the meaning of v. 41? What promise in v. 42? Can every one thus do something for the Lord? What are the rewards referred to in vs. 41 and 42?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Fourth Quarter, 1887.)

1. Oct. 2.—The Centurion's Faith. Matt. 8:5-13.
2. Oct. 9.—The Tempest Stilled. Matt 8:18-27.
3. Oct. 16.—Power to Forgive Sins. Matt 9:1-8.
4. Oct. 23.—Three Miracles Matt. 9:18-31.
5. Oct. 30.—The Harvest and the Laborers. Matt. 9:35-38, and 10:1-8.
6. Nov. 6.—Confessing Christ. Matt. 10:32-42.
7. Nov. 13.—Christ's Witness to John. Matt. 11:2-15.
8. Nov. 20.—Judgment and Mercy. Matt. 11:20-30.
9. Nov. 27.—Jesus and the Sabbath. Matt. 12:1-14.
10. Dec. 4.—Parable of the Sower. Matt. 13:1-9.
11. Dec. 11.—Parable of the Tares. Matt. 13:24-30.
12. Dec. 18.—Other Parables. Matt. 13:31-33, [and 44-52.
13. Dec. 25.—Review and Christmas Lesson.

The Family Circle.

A LITTLE WHILE.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strewing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

H. BONAR.

HOW SHE TOLD A LIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

(Concluded.)

"At first he had been very sorry for me—had tried, all through that holiday Saturday when my punishment began, to persuade me to confess, and escape it; and when he failed—for how could I confess to what I had never done, to an action so mean that I would have been ashamed even to have thought of doing?—then Tommy also sent me to Coventry. On the Sunday, all 'us children'—we didn't mind grammar much in those days—walked to church together across the fields; and Tommy always walked with me, chattering the whole way. Now we walked in total silence, for Will's eye was upon him, and even Tommy was afraid. Whatever I said, he never answered a single word.

"Then I felt as if all the world were against me—as if it was no use trying to be good, or telling the truth, since even the truth was regarded as a lie. In short, in my small childish way I suffered much as poor Jeanne d'Arc must have suffered when she was shut up in her prison at Rouen, called a witch, a deceiver—forsaken of all, and yet promised pardon if she would only confess and own she was a wicked woman, which she knew she was not.

"I was quite innocent, but after three days of being supposed guilty I ceased to care whether I were guilty or no. I seemed not to care for anything. Since they supposed I was capable of such a mean thing as pulling up a harmless jessamine-root out of spite, what did it matter whether they thought I had told a lie or not? Indeed, if I did tell one, it would be much easier than telling the truth; and every day my 'sticking it out,' and persisting in the truth, became more difficult.

"This state of things continued till Wednesday, which was our half holiday, when my cousins usually went a long walk or played cricket, and I was sent in to spend the afternoon with Tommy. They were the delight of my life, those long quiet Wednesdays, when Tommy and I went 'mooning about,' dug in our garden, watched our tadpoles—we had a hand-basin full of them, which we kept in the arbor till they developed into myriads of frogs and went hopping about everywhere. But even tadpoles could not charm me now, and I dreaded, rather than longed for, my half-holiday.

"School had been difficult enough, for Tommy and I had the same daily governess; but if, when we played together, he was never to speak to me, what should I do? Besides his grandmother would be sure to find it out; and she was a prim and rather strict old lady, to whom a child who had been sent to Coventry for telling a lie would be a perfect abhorrence. What could I do? Would it not be better to hide away somewhere, so as to escape going in to Tommy's house at all? Indeed, I almost think some vague thought of running away and hiding myself forever crossed my mind, when I heard Will calling me.

He and two of the others were standing at the *front door*—a terrible Council of Three; like that which used to sentence to death the victims in the Prigioni, which we saw last month at Venice. I felt not unlike a condemned prisoner—one who had been shut up so long that death came almost as a relief—which it must often have been to those poor souls. The three big boys stood over me like judges over a criminal, and Tommy stood beside them looking very sad.

"'Little girl,' said Will, in quite a judicial tone, 'we think you have been punished enough to make you thoroughly ashamed of yourself. We wish you to go and play with Tommy as usual; but Tommy could not possibly have you unless you were out of Coventry. We will give you one chance more. Confess that you pulled up the jessamine, and we'll forgive you, and tell nobody about you; and you shall go and have tea with Tommy just as if nothing had happened. Think—you have only to say one word.'

"And if I don't say it?"

"'Then,' answered Will, with a solemn and awful expression, 'I shall be obliged immediately to tell everybody everything.'

"That terrible threat—all the more formidable because of its vagueness—quite overcame me. To be set down as a liar or to become one; to be punished as I knew my aunt would punish me on her son's mere statement, for a wrong thing I had never done, or to do a wrong thing, and, escaping punishment, go back to my old happy life with my dear Tommy, who stood, the tears in his eyes, waiting my decision.

"It was a hard strait—too hard for one so young. And Will stood glaring at me, with his remorseless eyes.

"'Well, now—say, once for all, did you pull up my jessamine?'

"It was too much. Sullenly, slowly, I made up my mind to the inevitable, answered, 'Since you will have it so—Yes.' But the instant I had said it, I fell into such a fit of sobbing—almost hysterical screaming—that my cousins were all frightened and ran away.

"Tommy stayed, however. He got me into the quiet arbor as fast as he could. I felt his arms round my neck, and his comforting was very tender, very sweet. But I was long before I stopped crying, and still longer before anything like cheerfulness came into my poor little heart. We played together all the afternoon very affectionately, but in a rather melancholy sort of way, as if we had something on our minds, to which we never made the smallest reference. Tommy was a timid boy, and Will had cowed him into unkindness; but he loved me—I knew he loved me. Only, as is often the case, if his love had had a little more courage it would have been all the better for me—perhaps for him too.

"We spent a peaceful, but rather dull afternoon, and then were summoned in-doors to tea.

"Now, tea at Tommy's house was a serious thing. Tommy's grandmother always sat at the table, and looked at us through her spectacles, and talked to us in a formal and dignified manner, asking if we had been good children, had learnt our lessons well, had played together without quarrelling, &c., &c. She was a kind old lady, but she always made us feel that she was an old lady, years upon years older than we, and quite unable to understand us at all. Consequently, we never did more than answer her questions and hold our tongues. As for telling her anything—our troubles especially—we would as soon have thought of confiding in the Queen, or the Emperor of all the Russias.

"I never opened my lips all tea-time, and at last she noticed it. Also that my eyes were rather red.

"'This little girl looks as if she had been crying. I hope you did not make her cry, Tommy, my dear?'

"Tommy was silent. But I eagerly declared that Tommy had not made me cry. Tommy was never unkind to me.

"'I am glad to hear it, Evangeline (she always gave me my full name); and I hope you, too, are a good child, who is never in mischief, and above all never tells lies. If I were not quite sure of that, I could not allow Tommy to play with you.'

She looked us full in the face as if she saw through and through us—which she did not, being very short-sighted—yet I felt myself tremble in every limb. As for Tommy, he just glanced at me and glanced away again, turning crimson to the very roots of his hair, but he said nothing.

"What would have happened next, I cannot tell; we waited in terror, holding one another's hands under the table-cloth. But mercifully at that very instant the old lady was fetched to speak with some one, and we two children had to finish our tea alone.

"It almost choked us—me, at any rate. But as soon as ever it was over, and Tommy and I found ourselves safe out in the garden, I flung my arms round his neck and told him all.

"And Tommy believed me. No matter whether the others did or not, Tommy believed me—at last! Tommy sympathized with me, comforted me, thought I was not so very wicked even though I had told a lie, but not the one I was accused of telling. Tommy wept with me over all I had suffered, and promised that, though perhaps it was better to let the matter rest now, if such a thing were to happen again, he would not be afraid of Will or of anybody, but would stand up for me 'like a man.'"

"And did he do it?' asked Cherry, with slight incredulity in her tone.

"He never had the opportunity. A week after this he was suddenly sent for to join his parents abroad, and I never saw my friend Tommy any more."

"But did you never hear of him? Is he alive still? He must be a very old gentleman by this time."

"Very. No doubt a father—possibly even a grandfather," replied Cousin Eva, smiling.

Cherry blushed. "I didn't mean that, since he was barely as old as you, and you are certainly not a grandmother. But I want to hear more of Tommy. Is he married?"

"I really cannot say. The last time I heard of him was ten years ago, when he was living somewhere abroad—I rather think at Shanghai. He was not married then."

"I wish," whispered Ruth, solemnly, "I wish he would come back to England and marry you."

Cousin Eva laughed. "There might be two opinions on that question, you know. But oh! my children, when you are married, and have children of your own, remember my story. If ever a poor little thing looks up in your face saying, 'I didn't do that,' believe it! If it sobs out, 'I'm not naughty,' don't call it naughty! Give it the benefit of the doubt. Have patience, take time; and whatever you do, don't make it afraid. Cowards are always liars. Of the two evils it is less harmful to believe a person who tells a lie, than to doubt another who is speaking the truth."

"I think so too," said Cherry sagely. "Remember poor Jeanne d'Arc."

"And poor Cousin Eva," added Ruth, kissing the well-beloved hand.

And so, in the fading twilight, the three rose up together, and went down the hill from Notre-Dame de Bon Secours.—*Sunday Magazine.*

A POOR WASHERWOMAN is mentioned by the London City Mission as having two collecting boxes, and this is her description of her treatment of them: "I puts a shirt into one box and a collar in the other this week, an I next I puts a collar into the first and a shirt into the second. One box is for the general fund and the other is for the support of the mission hall."

HADN'T IT BETTER BE IN CIRCULATION?

BY REV. JAMES M. GRAY.

Katie is a quaint old maiden lady living up in this part of the country where we spend our vacation, a record of whose sayings and doings would be very interesting reading. She is a Christian, and, considering her religious advantages, an unusually intelligent and devout Christian. Many an agreeable conversation have we had with her touching the "best things." Last season she learned we had a Zenana Band in our church in Boston, the cost of membership in which was but fifty cents a year, and she desired to become a member. She had been saving up her pennies for such an object a long time—she had now about sixty cents in store—and she hailed with joy this opportunity to apply it, as she had long wished, for the extension of the Master's kingdom on the foreign field. When we learned that the purpose to save this money had cost her the denial of fresh meat as an article of diet for a whole year, we at first hesitated about receiving it, but the spiritual finally overcame the carnal in us, and we rejoiced to be the vehicle for conveying such a treasure in the Lord's name to those who in a sadder sense were more destitute than she.

This year when we called upon her, she was ready with her offering again. Out came the little paste-board box, which, with one or two scientific shakes, unloaded its valuable contents upon the wooden chair—in all sixty-eight cents. "There," said Katie, "please give that for Foreign Missions to the lady who wrote me such a nice letter last year." "But," objected we, (knowing what a struggle she had to gather so many pennies together), "had we not better take only the fifty cents, the actual cost of membership in the society, and leave you the remaining eighteen as a kind of nest-egg for next year?" A pause of a few seconds, a very earnest, thoughtful look, and then with much solemnity, mingled with an "air of business" that would have been irrepressibly laughable under different circumstances, she replied, "Hadn't it better be in circulation?" We could not smile much as the old man within us tried to have us do so. The ludicrousness of the remark faded out in the childlikeness, and yet sublimity, of this woman's faith, and with reverent fingers we lifted up the offering and placed it in a receptacle separate from other coin.

"Hadn't it better be put in circulation?" This is the question which in God's name we would like to lay upon the consciences of our wealthy church members to-day. What Christian was that who, in explanation of his course in distributing his money, said, "It were a shame for a child of God to die rich." And is it not a shame? How can professing Christians be justified in laying up treasures upon earth when the cause of Him who made and redeemed them is in need of that silver and gold which are His? How can even the generous, charitable and religious bequests of a testator atone for the neglect, the want of faith of a lifetime in their application to those same objects? He gives twice who gives quickly. In the coffers of our rich church members at this moment, is the latent power which can put in exercise the influence that is to regenerate the world. We echo Katie's question, "Hadn't it better be put in circulation?"—*Episcopal Record.*

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL CAN DO.

BY IDA M. BUXTON.

You think there's little I can do
To help the temperance cause,
Because I cannot go and vote,
And help the men make laws.

You think I'm small to do the work,
But now just let me say,
That there is something I can do
To help the cause each day.

Of course I cannot search the streets
The poor and sick to aid;
Of course I cannot write big books,
I'm such a little maid.

But there's one thing I'm going to do
On each and every day;
Now shall I tell you what it is?
I'll kneel to God and pray.

Yes, pray to Him that He will drive
The rum-fiend from our land,
That He will give us strength to work
And bless the temperance band.

—*League Journal.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

JOMBALAYAH.

This is distinctively a creole dish, savory and cheap, and forms a part of the table creed of rich and poor in the neighborhood of New Orleans. The word is of African origin, creolized by the negroes, and its spelling is arbitrary. Jombalayah, jumbalia, jumballya, each has its adherents, but one may be a law unto himself in its spelling and not lose caste in the orthographical world. How to make it is of more importance.

Though jombalayah is pre-eminently consecrated to the unconsidered trifles of food, and may be regarded as a sort of ovium tionary dish, it is sometimes seen as a primordial one, if I may borrow the language of science. Such a one is that made of oysters, according to the appended recipe, which I had from a jolly seaman, who is also a born cook. He is in great demand by the numerous camping parties who in the summer migrate to the islands which fringe the Louisiana coast, there literally pitch their tents, and reduce life to its lowest terms. He is captain, pilot, guide, fisherman, and hunter, but more than any of these is he cook. This particular jombalayah, "out of my own head," as he phrases it, is famous in all those summer isles, and one planter offered him twenty dollars to teach his cook the secret. But if it is exceedingly good, it is equally cheap, and I vaunt this dish upon that very basis, for cheapness of food is and long must be to the multitude the chief desideratum. To cheapness add savoriness, to savoriness wholesomeness, and lo! a volume in its praise.

Food prejudices are a stumbling-block in the way to prosperity, because ignorance of possibilities makes waste of good food material. The creole wastes nothing. In her kitchen economy she does not recognize the existence of "stuff not fit to eat." Her most obedient sprite of the tribe of genii is Know How. The cup of cold rice and the few tablespoonfuls of field peas left from dinner she will make into a toothsome jombalayah for the morrow's breakfast at a minimum of cost. Rice and ham, rice and bacon, rice and sausages, rice and veal, rice and mutton, rice and fowl of all kinds, rice and oysters, rice and shrimp, rice and crabs, up and down the whole scale, from peas to turkey, each is good. Much meat is not needed, so that there be enough of it or its gravy distinctively to flavor the rice; that is all that is required. High seasoning is imperative. Above all, let onion be plentiful. The creole, like the ancient Egyptian, is almost a worshipper of the onion. Red pepper, thyme, sweet-marjoram, summer-savory, a little tomato, a sprinkle of Chili peper to suit the esthetic eye, make jombalayah a delight.

Provided the rice has been well boiled, there can be nothing easier to make than jombalayah, but then the blessings of boiled rice are yet to be preached.

Captain Mike's Oyster Jombalayah.—Two pounds of rice, four dozen oysters, one tablespoon of lard, one can of tomatoes, one large onion; thyme and parsley, cut fine, enough to suit the taste; black pepper, salt, and Chili pepper, to color the rice. *Fry the* onion in the lard until a nice brown. Strain the tomatoes, and fry them to a pulp. Add the oysters, after straining them; stir well to keep oysters from burning, until *half* cooked. If the oysters are too dry, add enough oyster liquor to moisten them. To this add the rice, after having washed it in several waters, and pour into the pot a quart of boiling water. When the rice is boiling rapidly remove the pot to a *slow* fire, and stir frequently until the rice is cooked perfectly dry. A *half*-pound of ham, cut fine, is an addition to this dish.

Popular Jombalayah.—Remnants of cold meat or shell-fish, one cup of cold boiled rice, one onion sliced, one tablespoonful of lard, three tablespoonful of tomatoes; thyme, parsley, pepper, and salt to taste. Cut the meat or fish in small pieces. Fry the onion in the lard to a nice brown, add the meat, fry a few seconds, and put in the tomatoes; let all cook two or three minutes. Put in the rice, with the herbs cut fine, salt and pepper. Cold gravy, diluted with a little boiling water, is a savory addition. Cover the pot, and let it cook until very hot. Serve with a sprinkling of *file*, if it is liked.—*Harper's Bazar.*

GIVE THE BEST OF YOURSELF.

A lady gave us a rule, not long since, by which she had succeeded in interesting her *fun-loving boys, so* they preferred to stay at home evenings instead of seeking amusements elsewhere. She said:

"I remember that children are children, and must have amusements. I fear that the abhorrence with which some good parents regard any play for children is the reason why children go away for pleasure. Husband and I used to read history, and at the end of each chapter ask some questions, requiring the answer to be looked up if not correctly given. We follow a similar plan with the children; sometimes we play one game and sometimes another, always planning with books, stories, plays or treats of some kind, to make the evenings at home more attractive than they can be made abroad. I should dislike to think that any one could make my children happier than I can, so I always try to be at leisure in the evening and to arrange something entertaining.

When there is a good concert, lecture or entertainment, we all go together and enjoy it; and whatever is worth the price of admission to us older people, is equally valuable to the children, and we let them see that we spare no expense where it is to their advantage to be out of an evening.

But the greater number of our evenings are spent quietly at home. Sometimes it requires an effort to sit quietly talking and playing with them when my work-basket is filled with unfinished work, and books and papers lie unread on the table; but as years go by, and I see my boys and girls growing into home-loving, modest young men and maidens, I am glad that I made it my rule to always give the best of myself to my family.—*The Household.*

BOOG-A-BOOS OF CHILDREN.

BY JEAN LANCASHIRE.

"Mary, I have promised the children they may sit up to-night a half-hour longer than usual. You may give them bread and milk at half-past six, and put them to bed at half-past seven. I shall not be in until late."

Mrs. Lane turned away with contentment to spend a pleasant evening, feeling sure her two little girls were in good care.

Cris and Laura Lane were happily playing on the soft green grass.

"This tree," said Cris, "shall be my house, and that tree yours, and I will bring my doll and come to visit you."

"An' I sall be dreffful busy making pies," chimed little Laura.

"Yes, and your dolly must be very sick, and when you tell me I will go for the doctor, and then I will pretend I am the doctor."

"An' sall I set table an' you stay to tea?" asked Laura.

"Yes. We must begin now. You be at work and not see me coming."

Little Laura began to flutter about in a most busy fashion, and Cris put her doll in its carriage, and started out in a very dignified style.

Mary looked at the hands of the great clock in the hall. Six o'clock, and her "young man" will be there before seven. She must get those children well out of the way.

Laura is stopped in the midst of imaginary dusting, and Cris's hand raised to knock at the door is interrupted by Mary's call, "Come, children, come in."

"Oh, Mary, mamma said we might sit up half an hour longer to-night."

"Your mamma doesn't know what I do. I don't dare leave you out in the yard any longer. It will be dark soon."

"Why don't you dare, Mary?" asked Cris.

"The horse thieves are around these days."

The children drew near her, while their eyes grew large with wonder.

"What are horse thieves, Mary?"

"Oh! men that come around and steal things."

"What do 'ey steal!" asked Laura, beginning to cling to Mary's hand.

"Most anything. They like children pretty well, and especially girls."

"Will 'ey tome to-night!" asked Laura, her little frame quivering with fear.

"I shouldn't wonder. But if you are snug in bed, I will tell them we don't keep children here. Come, hurry now and eat your supper."

"Have we time for supper?" asked Cris.

"I not hungry," asserted Laura. "I 'fraid 'ey will tome."

"If you hurry and are good they will not come yet awhile."

The children swallowed their bread and milk in haste, and were soon upstairs.

"We will say our prayers in bed, Mary," said Cris, her face paling with fear.

Mary was very willing, for just then she saw a form she well knew coming up the street.

"I believe I see one coming now. Hop into bed quick."

She closed the blinds and drew the curtains to shut out the bright light, for the sun had not yet set. There was a knock below.

"There he is at the door. I will go down and tell him we haven't any children here."

At ten o'clock Mrs. Lane came home, and thought she would visit her little ones before she retired to rest. She found two little flushed faces hid under the bedclothes, two tear-stained pillows, and a fear grounded in her little girls that would never wholly leave them.

Mary was much surprised next morning when she was told "she might seek for another situation."

To her plea, "Where shall I look for another place?" Mr. Lane quietly remarked, "I should advise among the horse thieves, where you would so willingly consign my two little children."

Mary was silent.—*Christian at Work.*

FLANNEL NIGHT CLOTHES.

Those who have a predisposition to rheumatism will find it profitable to cultivate the habit of wearing flannel night clothes. The coarser the flannel the better it is for the purpose. It prevents the chill which is inseparable in cold weather from the best aired linen and cotton sheets. Flannel used in this manner is comforting to those who suffer from chronic rheumatism, but it is better to adopt it as a preventive. *Cassell's* "Family Doctor" recommends that flannel be substituted for sheeting, and that linen or cotton be used only for pillow cases. We think that flannel night clothes will serve the purpose equally as well. They are much more easily procured, and interfere less with domestic economy. Before the night clothes are made, the flannel should be submitted to a full shrinking process.

SELECTED RECIPES.

WHEN YOU make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.—*Hugh White.*

PAN DOWDLINGS.—*This is a New England* dish, and is nice at the places where appetites are expensive. Take three cups of rye meal, three cups Indian meal, one egg and three tablespoonfuls of molasses; add a little sauce and allspice and enough rich sweet milk to make a batter stiff enough to drop from a spoon. Fry to a good brown in hot lard.

APPLE DUMPLING.—Make a crust of one quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of butter or lard, a little salt, and milk enough to make a dough that can be rolled out. Cut this dough into eight pieces, roll them out thin, put slices of sour apples upon them, fold them up tight and steam or bake. Baking will require thirty minutes, steaming an hour. Either hard or liquid sauce may be used.

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—Fill a pudding dish two-thirds full with very thin slices of bread and butter. A cupful of currants or dried cherries may be sprinkled between the slices. Make a custard of two eggs beaten with a cup of sugar, add a quart of milk, and pour over the bread. Cover with a plate, and set on the back of the stove an hour; bake from half to three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot.—*Easiest Way to Cooking.*

LEMON CREAM PIE.—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of white sugar, the yolks of two eggs, three table spoonfuls of sifted flour, and rich milk enough to fill your plate or pan. This makes a large pie and should be made with an under crust only. Bake until nearly done, then take it from the oven and spread over it the beaten whites of two eggs, with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Set back in the oven until brown. Eat cool, or quite cold.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Wash thoroughly four tablespoonfuls of tapioca and let it stand over night in an earthen bowl, with one cup of cold water. In the morning drain off the water and put the tapioca into a double boiler with one quart of milk; let it cook until it is clear, and then stir in the yolks of four eggs, thoroughly beaten, with one cup of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt. Stir this mixture constantly until it thickens like custard. Season with a teaspoonful of lemon extract and serve perfectly cold.

HOT ROLLS FOR BREAKFAST.—When the weather grows cooler than it is now, one can have hot rolls for breakfast and yet not be obliged to rise at the crack of dawn to make them out. When you have them for tea, make out a panful, and set it immediately on the cellar floor or in the refrigerator, before they have begun to rise. In the morning they will be light enough to bake, or if not quite light enough, put them near the fire for a few minutes before baking. This is my own discovery. I have tried it a number of times, and always succeeded. Here is recipe for rolls, which, like charity, never faileth:

CHICKEN PUDDING.—An excellent way to use cold chicken is to stew it until tender in its own gravy or in just water enough to cover it; then butter a baking dish, put in the chicken, pour over it the following batter, and bake it until the batter is done in a moderate oven: beat three eggs very light; mix seven tablespoonfuls of flour, one even teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, with enough cold milk to make a smooth batter, taking the milk from three cupfuls up; gradually add all this quantity of milk and the beaten eggs, and pour the batter over the chicken in the baking dish; serve the pudding hot as soon as it is done. When eggs are scarce, the batter may be made of sour milk in which a teaspoonful of baking soda is dissolved, or with sweet milk and a heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder sifted with the flour.

MILK ROLLS.—*Ingredients:* One pint of milk; three tablespoonfuls of lard; three tin cups of flour (full); half cup white sugar; a little salt; one cup yeast. Scald the milk and while cooling mix flour, lard and salt together; make a hole in the middle. When the milk is lukewarm, add sugar and yeast, and pour into the flour. Wrap in a blanket and set near the stove, unless the weather is very warm. (I make nine, or rather set them, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, and they are light enough to make up by half-past eleven.) When light, work well, and cover with a cloth and a paper; wrap again in the blanket and set in a warm place; make out into rolls in time to rise an hour or more before tea. This kind of rolls is usually rolled out with a rolling pin, cut into rounds and turned over. They are very delightful.—*Ex.*

PUZZLES.

DOUBLE ANAGRAM.

Omitted rhymes are formed from words omitted from the fourth and last lines.

Grandma tells many an ancient * * * *;
For such she's very fond on.
From England did her parents hail;
From a town of old called * * * * * *.

"More than ten centuries * * * *
Said grandma, "I * * * * *-ber,
My ancestors fought 'gainst a foe,
'Twas in the month September.

"The foe were many, brave and strong,
My fathers, they were stronger,
The fight waxed hot and lasted * * * *;
It might have lasted * * * * * *.

"But 'mid the slain were foemen * * * * *;
And each was called a * * * *.
Hurrah! from Danish rule we're free,
My ancestors did sing.

"Those * * * * *, the Danes had buried soon,
Then fought, then feigned af * * * * *.
The scene was changed that af * * * * * *,
As darkly fell the * * * * *.

"And many brave men fought and * * * *—
Their graves—'twere useless seeking 'em.
But from those Danes laid side by side,
The town is since called * * * * * * * * *."

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a hoarse sound, and leave a kind of leather.
2. A crime, and leave an apartment.
3. A garment, and leave a defence.
4. An officer, and leave something indispensable to the Montreal Carnival.

GREEK CROSS.

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      o o o o
      o o o o
      o o o o
o o o * * * * o o o
o o o * * * * o o o
o o o * * * * o o o
o o o * * * * o o o
      o o o o
      o o o o
      o o o o
```

Upper Square.—1. A conflagration. 2. A metal. 3. A public way. 4. Concludes.

Left hand Square.—1. Part of a shoe. 2. To unclose. 3. A metal. 4. Concludes.

Middle Square.—1. Concludes. 2. Low. 3. Facts. 4. A measure of nine inches.

Right-hand Square.—1. A measure of nine inches. 2. A funeral pile. 3. Weapons. 4. The home of a bird.

Lower Square.—1. A measure of nine inches. 2. An orifice in the skin. 3 Surface. 4 Clean.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

OLD RIDDLE.—The letter "I," Oi-l-on, onion.

CONUNDRUM.—F and *I*, for they make our flour.

ENIGMA.—Book-mark.

CHARADE.—Con-cent-rate.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY.

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

(By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands.")

CHAPTER V.—*(Continued).*

Trouble abroad had preceded and followed this sorrow at home. The state of Egypt, in revolution under Arabi Pasha, called for interference from England, and troops were despatched, and ships sent, and Alexandria bombarded. The small army under Sir Garnet Wolseley fought so well that in a very short time the war was ended, and Arabi sent into exile. The troops marched through London on their return, receiving an enthusiastic welcome from the Queen and the people. Sir Garnet Wolseley was raised to the peerage, and after a time was made Commander-in-Chief. Meanwhile, a terrible danger was threatening in Central Africa. A false prophet, the Mahdi, whose movements at first had attracted but little attention, had gathered a formidable following, and was massacring all who opposed him. In this dire emergency one name, Charles Gordon—name embalmed in the heart of England—was heard on all sides; and to him eyes were turned as the only possible deliverer of the Soudan from the tyranny of this monster. General Gordon's career of unsullied splendor, and the awful tragedy which crowned his "Christ-like life with a Christ-like death," at the very moment when the long-delayed, long-looked-for army of relief was close at hand, has now passed into history. Such a life as his—noblest of heroes, humblest of Christians—sheds an additional lustre on the reign of our gracious Queen. The source of his greatness was an open secret,—"his conception of life was drawn straight from the Bible," and in his life he showed the courage of his convictions. Amongst the royal possessions at Windsor, our Queen has carefully treasured General Gordon's Bible—the gift of his devoted sister—and deeply did Her Majesty join in the nation's mourning for the matchless Gordon, and for his gallant friends and comrades, Colonel Stewart and Mr. Power.

In the midst of this time of trouble, the generous sympathy of the Colonies for the Queen and the mother country, shown by the sending of a splendid contingent of troops to fight side by side, as brothers, with the English army, called forth the warmest feelings of grateful appreciation in England; and, in the words of the Governor of Australia, "practically established an Imperial Federation."

"Shall we not, through good and ill,
Cleave to one another still?
Britons, myriad voices call—
Sons, be welded each and all
Into one Imperial whole,
One with Britain heart and soul."

Little space now remains in this brief record of a reign so long and so full of events of deep interest that, were they all to be chronicled, they would fill many volumes. But one more occasion, which touches most nearly the inner life of our gracious Queen, must not be omitted. The Princess Beatrice, Her Majesty's youngest child, was still in her nursery when her royal father died, and her loving caresses and childish gaiety had often been the best cheer for her bereaved mother. When, one by one, her brothers and sisters had each in their turn been married—leaving a sadly diminished home party, although giving an ever-widening circle of interest and love, as grandchildren and great grandchildren were added to the royal family—the youngest child became the constant and devoted companion of her royal mother. When, therefore, it was announced to the country that Princess Beatrice was about to marry Prince Henry of Battenberg, and that the marriage was not to deprive the Queen of her daughter's society, the news was received with unmixed satisfaction. In July, 1885, from their first country home, Osborne, and in the presence of a multitude of delighted spectators, in the parish church, who loved the Princess for her own sake as well as for the sake of the Queen, the marriage ceremony was performed of the last of the royal group so dear to the heart of the English nation.

"There is a word,
A linnet lilting in the grove,
Keen as a sword,
And pure as angels are above:
This little word good men call love!
It bears a name,
Unsullied by the taint of wealth;
Careless of fame,
And bright with all the hues of health,
It shrinks from praise, to bless by stealth.
I join it now
To thine, Victoria! thou hast seen
With clear eyes how
To win it; blessed hast thou been
With love, as mother, wife, and Queen." *

* "Love that lasts for ever." Jubilee Lyric by the Earl of Rosslyn.

THE END.

TAKE IT BACK.

There is a story of a most eccentric minister, who, walking out one morning, saw a man going to work, and said to him, "What a lovely morning! How grateful we ought to be to God for all His mercies!" The man said he did not know much about it "Why," said the minister, "I suppose you always pray to God for your wife and family—for your children—don't you?" "No," said he, "I do not know that I do." "What," said the minister, "do you never pray?" "No." "Then I will give you half a crown if you will promise me you never will, as long as ever you live." "Oh," said he, "I shall be very glad of half a crown to get me a drop of beer."

He took the half-crown, and promised never to pray as long as he lived. He went to his work, and when he had been digging for a little while, he thought to himself, "That's a queer thing—I've taken money and promised never to pray as long as I live." He thought it over and it made him feel wretched. He went home to his wife and told her of it. "Well, John," said she, "you may depend upon it, it was the devil, you've sold yourself to the devil for half a crown." This so bowed the poor wretch down that he did not know what to do with himself. This was all his thought—that he had sold himself to the devil for money, and would soon be carried off to hell.

He commenced attending places of worship, conscious that it was no use, for he had sold himself to the devil; but he was really ill, bodily ill, through the fear and trembling which had come upon him. One night he recognized in the preacher the very man who had given him the half-crown, and probably the preacher had recognized him, for the text was, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The preacher remarked that he knew a man who sold his soul for half a crown. The poor man rushed forward and said, "Take it back! Take it back!" "You said you never would pray," said the minister, "if I gave you half a crown; do you want to pray?" "Oh, yes; I would give the world to be allowed to pray!" That man was a great fool to sell his soul for half a crown; but some of you are a great deal bigger fools, for you never had the half-crown, and yet you do not pray, and I daresay never will; but will go down to hell never having sought God."—*Spurgeon.*

FIVE STEPS.

A little sip of cider,
A little sip of beer;
A taste that's rather bitter
But what is there to fear?

A glass of foaming lager
A choice perfumed cigar;
It's funny what fanatics
Those temperance people are.

Say, boys, here's to our welfare—
May none here lack a dime
To buy a glass of liquor
At any other time.

Say, can't you trust a fellow?
Give us a drop of gin
To stop that dreadful gnawing
That's going on within.

Found dead—a common drunkard!
Alas, how came he there?
It was the beer and cider:
BEWARE! BEWARE! BEWARE!

—*T. R. Thompson, in Temperance Banner.*

PRINCESS BEATRICE.

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

(By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands."

CHAPTER V.—*(Continued)*

In the autumn of 1878, the Grand Duchess came with her husband and children to visit her royal mother, and afterwards to stay by the seaside at Eastbourne. There she left a shining track behind her. Ever desirous to learn more and better the way to do good, she would accompany the clergyman in his visits to the poor and with the humility of a little child, this gifted Princess brought her young daughter to the Sunday school, and sitting beside the children, asked the lady who was giving the Gospel lesson to allow them to be amongst the learners.

Soon after the return of this happy family to the Palace at Hesse-Darmstadt, the young Princess Victoria was attacked with diphtheria. The infection spread through the family with terrific rapidity, until only the Grand Duchess and one of her daughters remained untouched by it. Our Princess Alice was a ministering angel to her husband and children, nursing them with the greatest devotion. And even when the lovely eyes of her youngest born closed in death, the bereaved mother, stifling the anguish of her heart, kept faithful watch by the precious survivors.

But just at the moment that those devoted efforts had been crowned with success, the thunderbolt fell which smote the centre of all joy in that home.

With admirable self-restraint, the Princess had, by the urgent advice of the physicians, refrained from embracing the beloved sufferers; but when it became her lot to break to her son the death of the little sister to whom he was tenderly attached, "and the boy, overcome with misery, threw himself upon her bosom, the mother clasped him in her arms, and thus received the kiss of death."*

At the first alarm, the Queen sent off her own physician, Sir William Jenner, to do all that human skill could suggest to save the life of the daughter who was at once her child, her comforter, and her friend. But all was of no avail, for on the 14th of December—the death-day of her father, so nearly the death-day of her brother—the summons came for the Princess Alice to leave sorrow and death behind her for ever and to enter into the presence of the King Eternal.

The sadly true saying that "living is outliving" has often been the experience of our beloved Queen, as one after another of her tried and trusted friends and counsellors have been called away from the battle of life. Amongst these were Lady Augusta Stanley, and her husband the highly gifted Dean of Westminster, who had been chosen by the Queen to accompany the Prince of Wales during his tour in the Holy Land, and to whom she had also given many other proofs of her confidence. Fresh blanks were made by the deaths of the brilliant and generous-minded Charles Kingsley, one of Her Majesty's chaplains, whose name remains a household word; the Dean of Windsor, Gerald Wellesley, whose office it was to read family prayers daily at Windsor Castle, and whose loss was sorely felt by the Royal Family; and of the beautiful Countess of Gainsborough, one of Her Majesty's most devoted Ladies in-Waiting, whose consistent Christian life was one of the brightest ornaments of the Court. Statesmen, whose counsels had guided Her Majesty, have passed away. There were those who had attained to old age, like Viscount Palmerston, the genial and popular Premier, the firmness of whose foreign policy made England ever respected amongst the nations; and the Earl of Beaconsfield, with his far sighted sagacity and unswerving devotion to the Throne; and there were others who have been cut off in the meridian of their day, like the astute and able Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel; and Earl Cairns, the great Lord Chancellor, of colossal intellect, and deep, practical Christianity; with others, no less loyal or distinguished, too numerous to be mentioned in this slight sketch.

But with a deeper pang, and a keener sorrow than even the loss of faithful friends, the royal mother's heart was about to be pierced again. Her youngest son, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, had from his childhood shown great delicacy of constitution. At the time of the Prince Consort's death, Prince Leopold was abroad for his health, and the child's mournful cry, "I want my mother; take me to my mother," when the news of his bereavement was broken to him, showed where his affections were centred, and how he depended for comfort on that mother's tender care and love. He attained to man's estate with a fair degree of health. His character and his talents in many respects resembled those of his illustrious father, and he had already endeared himself to the English people. The Duke of Albany's happy marriage with the Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont in the spring of 1882 was alas! only to be of short duration. Two years later, Prince Leopold, who had been ordered to the south of France for his health, died almost suddenly when just upon the eve of his return home. The Queen's grief for her son was only equalled by her tender sympathy for his young widow, called to pass through this crushing sorrow in the first bloom of her life.

(To be Continued.)

PRINCESS ALICE, GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

* Speech of the Premier, in announcing the event to the House of Lords.

THE PERSECUTED BANNERMAN.

Ng-Hin-ki, a young man of more than usual ability and energy, joined the Third Presbyterian Church, Canton, in September, 1881. His foster-mother was bitterly enraged at him for so doing, and all his brothers were greatly displeased. They made strenuous efforts to prevent him from attending the church and from performing his religious duties, but without success. Their persecution, especially that of his foster-mother, became so bitter that in the spring of 1882 he was given a place as door-keeper in one of our chapels, 130 miles from Canton, receiving for his services $2.50 a month. In the autumn of the same year he received a letter, from an elder of the Third Church, advising him not to return to Canton, as his foster mother and brothers had brought a charge against him of being unfilial, which in China is a very serious crime. Their object was to get him discharged from his position as a bannerman. Instead, however, of remaining away from Canton, he at once returned, saying that he would go himself and meet the charge. He found on arriving that all his property—one shop and three dwelling-houses—had been sold for $1,400. He was brought before a military officer and ordered to light three sticks of incense and place them before an idol. He was told that if he obeyed, the draft for $1,400, lying on the table, would be restored to him; if he refused he would not only lose that, but also his monthly allowance of $4.20 would be taken from him (at six percent representing a capital of $840), and his betrothal, which had cost him $300, would be made null and void; forfeiting in all $2,240 and his betrothal—that is, for a Chinaman, a comfortable and permanent livelihood. Sign and save, refuse and lose. He refused, and was cast out penniless. He entered the training school, and after three years of faithful study was appointed to preach. He is now doing a useful and encouraging work 300 miles from Canton, at Sam Kong, near Lien Chow.

Until near the close of last year this man's relatives refused to have anything to do with him, when, much to his delight, a great change took place. They became not only willing to welcome him home, but to hear him make known the gospel. It came about in this way; one of his brothers, at a tea-shop, had seen a member of the Third Church, also a bannerman, telling the people about Jesus. One of the company in anger struck him a blow in the face, telling him that he need not come there to preach to them. He smiled and went on with his discourse.

Ng-Hin-ki's brother was much surprised.

He knew the speaker was naturally high-tempered, was physically strong and was no coward. In fact he knew perfectly well that what prevented the bannerman from striking back was not fear, but principle. This won his admiration for the man and respect, at least, for his message, and was the occasion of bringing about in his family the change of feeling mentioned above.—*N. Y. Noyes, in The Church Abroad*

ONE GOOD THING about Mohammedanism—and who can deny that it presents some good features among heaps of rubbish?—is its fierce hostility to gambling. Dice, cards, betting, etc., are rigorously proscribed and considered so wicked that a gambler's testimony is invalid in a court of law. I have never known a Mussulman to be addicted to gambling; but, alas! how many a Christian I have known corrupted by this degrading vice!—*Indian Witness.*

A BROKEN LIFE.

BY CAROLINE W. D. RICH.

"I declare, I do hate to be poor! I don't see what I have done, that I must work forever, any more than Mrs. Bird or Mrs. Sparrow."

Mrs. Blank laid her work down, and began to think of her discomforts. She had refined tastes, and could appreciate books, and elegant furniture, and fine paintings, and rare china, as well as her neighbors. But her husband could not afford luxuries. He had a lucrative business, but he was young, and must make his way. His wife had been a school-teacher in her native village, and consequently quite a leader in village society. Mr. Blank was the son of a village minister. His position had opened to him many avenues, denied to others of his acquaintance. But he learned to love the bright-faced school-teacher, with her cheerful ways, and had relinquished his hope of an education, preferring to make a home, and then ask Mary, to leave her teaching, and marry him. When at length he had the home to offer, he thought that no one could be happier than he, with a good income, and a wife that would be all the world to him.

Mary was happy, and made her home attractive, caring for nothing so much as to please her husband, until she began to feel the difference between a country village and a large city. She had been as good as the best in her native town. Here she was unknown, and comparatively unsought. She was ambitious, and determined to compel even people of wealth to recognize her. So she took sewing from a dressmaker, and neglected her household, in order to earn something to supply deficiencies. She saved and pinched in every possible way, her economy even extending to the food. If she could live cheaply, no matter if she did not relish her food.

It gradually dawned upon Henry that his wife was not happy. At first he fancied that she needed a change, and urged her to visit the country home, and enjoy the fresh summer air and the sunshine. Her face had grown pinched and thin, so unlike the sweet face he had wedded. But Mary would not think of the expense. She wanted money for better furniture and better clothing, and this greed was fast eating out the social enjoyment of home. Her husband longed for the anticipated pleasant meal, or evening with his wife. He worked harder than ever, in order to save expense of extra help, as his business increased. By and by he was obliged to give the most of his evenings to business. But it brought the desired gain.

At the end of three years, Mr. and Mrs. Blank could hardly have been recognized as the happy pair, of whom the village had been so proud, as they went forth to their new home. A year or two will leave marks of discontent, which wealth can not erase; or the deeper lines of care and toil, which come often like mildew, to cover the once cheerful, care-free countenance. Haggard and worried, Henry Blank had striven, as a drowning man, to make the most of every straw that came in his way. He had not the hungering for gold that possessed his wife; but he did wish to come up to her ideal; and if any exertion of his could make her happier, and bring back the cheerful face, he would make it. So, at thirty, his hair was growing white and his face thin.

Mary intended to be a good wife, and she certainly meant to be thoughtful for her husband. But it was all to be when they had secured enough money to place them on an equal footing with those whose acquaintance she coveted. How little this would add to their happiness, she did not pause to ask herself. How much more to her the love and sympathy of her husband, as they journeyed on together! How much more a breath of fresh air now and then! Money,—more money, seemed to be the absorbing desire of her heart.

At length the constant strain upon Henry resulted in entire prostration. He must now wait, for he could not work. The kind doctor ordered country air, and absolute rest. Now Mrs. Blank must close the new house, with its costly furnishing. They went, once more, to the little village among the hills. Rev. John Blank was still the esteemed pastor of the one little church there. He received his son gladly, whom he had not seen since his marriage. His shock at the changed looks was too marked to be concealed. But no questions were asked. This breaking down, in the very prime of manhood, he looked upon as one of God's providences. He only sought to soothe and comfort his disappointed boy—for he was still a boy to him.

The summer months waxed and waned, and Henry began to think of God again, and to return to the love that had been buried under the ambition of his wife. He listened to the voice of the dear Elder Brother; and the voice clamoring for money seemed as the far-off rushing of the sea. Mary, too, was restful and gentle and loving again; and Henry felt that it was worth the pain and disappointment, for it brought them closer in heart. But one day, as he lay in a dreaming, half-wakeful state, and Mary sat by him, reading of the rest for those who are weary, he reached out his hand, and, clasping hers, said: "Rest, rest! we have had very little of it, Mary; but"—the sentence was unfinished. She looked, and he was just entering upon that restful sleep that knows no waking here.—*Morning Star.*

WAISTS.

The girl of the period seems to be a trifle more sensible than her sister of the last decade. Her boots are not quite as pointed at the toe, and their heels are not as distinctively "French." She does not as ambitiously emulate the camel, in the wearing of a hump upon her back, and she has discarded the "rats" and cushions which erst were wont to make her coiffure into the semblance of pillows and bolsters. Unfortunately, however, she does not yet realize that beauty is inconsistent with a pinched waist.

Admirable as the wasp may be in his humble capacity as an insect, there seems to be no legitimate reason for a young woman's modelling herself upon his figure; but the young woman insists upon doing so.

She is wont to express the most fervent admiration for the Venus of Milo; but even at the moment when she stands rapt in contemplation of the grand creature, she finds it difficult to draw a full breath, so tightly enclosed is she in corsets.

Napoleon I., who had as much commonsense as military ability, was dismayed at the revival of the corset in 1812. He said to an eminent physician, in regard to it, "This wear, born of coquetry and bad taste, which murders women and ill-treats their offspring, tells of frivolous tastes, and warns me of an approaching decadence."

Cuvier, whose work on comparative anatomy was published during the consulate, and who occupied a high official position both at that time and under the empire, had also the greatest aversion toward this article of dress.

He once endeavored, by practical illustration, to force his views upon a young lady who was a victim of tight lacing. Walking with him in the *Jardin des Plantes*, she expressed her admiration for a very lovely flower.

"You were once like this blossom," said Cuvier, glancing at her thin, pale face. "To-morrow it will be as you are now."

The next day he led her to the same spot, were she found the flower drooping and dying. She asked the cause.

"The plant," said the great anatomist, "is an image of yourself. I will show you the trouble."

He pointed to a cord bound tightly about the stem, and continued, "You are fading away exactly in the same manner, under the compression of your corset, and you are losing by degrees all your youthful charms, just because you have not the courage to resist this dangerous fashion."

Said the last king of France, in an epigram which should have stung his subjects into common-sense, "Once you met Dianas, Venuses, or Niobes; nowadays, only wasps."

When woman attempts to improve upon nature, she merely defeats her own object. It is no more possible for her to enhance her charms, save by healthful living, than it is for a river to run uphill.

The unnatural is always the ugly; it is but another name for deformity. The human figure in the shape of a wasp is as truly deformed as if its spinal column described a semicircle.—*Youth's Companion*

A CERTAIN SORT of tobacco blindness is on the increase. The *Lowell Citizen* says that the victim is so affected that he can't see that he is puffing smoke right into the face of the person nearest him.

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Question Corner.—No. 18.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What prophet, who did not himself see Babylon, wrote a book of prophecies against it, and sent it thither to be sunk in the river Euphrates as a sign that that great city should fall to rise no more?

2. Where do we read of an angel letting a man out of prison, and who was the man?

ACROSTIC.

The initials give the appellation of a famous woman who lived in the time of Solomon.

1. A city. Acts 21: 39.
2. A king. Acts 12: 1
3. A sorcerer. Acts 13: 8.
4. A lady. Matt. 12: 42.
5. Part of a house. Acts 20: 8.
6. A city. Acts 19: 1.
7. A wind. Acts 27: 14.
8. A ruler. John 3: 1.
9. A slave. Philemon 1: 10.
10. A Roman ruler. Acts 25: 1.
11. A sect of the Jews. Acts 23: 8.
12. A language. Acts: 22: 2.
13. One raised from the dead. Acts 20: 9.
14. A son of consolation. Acts 9: 27.
15. A city. Acts 11: 26.

Most of the words occur in connection with the life of Paul.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Methuselah. He was contemporary with Adam two hundred and fifty-three years.
2. In B. C. 2349.

WHAT CITY.—Samaria.

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